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A SIMPLE SOLUTION.

He: YES, I, TOO, LIKE WHITE ONES, BUT, GREAT CÆSAR! I CAN'T WEAR DUCKS NOW.  
"OH! I HAVE AN IDEA! LET'S GO TO FLORIDA TILL SPRING AND SAVE THE COST OF NEW WINTER ONES."

L. P.  
**HOLLANDER**

& CO.

290 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK  
202 BOYLSTON STREET, BOSTON

Announce that the complete Importations for the Autumn  
and Winter Seasons are now ready to be  
shown, including

**EVENING and RECEPTION  
GOWNS**

A large assortment of plain as well as the more elegant

**STREET COSTUMES**

ready to wear. Also long and three-quarter length

**COATS and EVENING WRAPS**

Our **MILLINERY** Models

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The **ONLY** Automobile that  
has won **EVERY** Endurance  
Contest held in America is the  
**HAYNES-APPERSON**

The most practical automobile in the world



Runabout,	6	horse-power,	2	passengers,	\$1,200
Phaeton,	9	"	"	2	"
Surrey,	9	"	"	4	"

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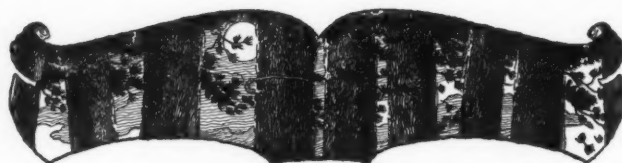
**HAYNES-APPERSON CO., Kokomo, Indiana**

El **Principe**  
de **Gales**



**NOW KING  
OF HAVANA CIGARS**

Made in Havana and Tampa



*The*  
**Pines**  
*of*  
**Lory**



BY J. A. MITCHELL

"As charming as was the same author's  
'Amos Judd.'"

— N. Y. Sun.

## LIFE



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## WISDOM FROM BABES.

"WHY IS IT, I WONDER, THAT NO GREAT GENIUS HAS EVER HAD A WIFE WHO WROTE HIS BIOGRAPHY?"

"IF ANY GENIUS EVER HAD A WIFE SENSIBLE ENOUGH TO WRITE HIS BIOGRAPHY, WOULD SHE HAVE LIVED WITH HIM LONG ENOUGH TO GET ANY MATERIAL?"





"While there is Life there's Hope."

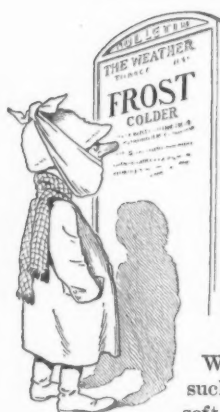
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19 WEST THIRTY-FIRST ST., NEW YORK.

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DO we want anthracite at any price?

We do not!

We might pay a great deal too dear for it.

We do not want it at the cost of oppression.

We do not want it at the cost of cowardly concessions to terrorism.

We want clean, lawful coal. Let us wait resolutely until we can get it.

We are not going to suffer such awful things. There is soft coal (the majority of

Americans never get anything else); there is some wood in the country; a good deal of coal can be imported; a little anthracite is being mined. Let us scrape along and help one another till the pinch is over. It would be a great evil if so long and costly and bitter a fight as the coal strike were not settled right when it is settled. If there is no way except to let it go to a finish, then to a finish let it go.

At this writing the apparent failure of the President's effort to have coal mined invites attention to the Governor of Pennsylvania. It is extremely important to the country that all eligible men who are willing to mine hard coal should be protected in that industry. It even seems reasonable that their families should be protected from insult and abuse while the men themselves are working. If Governor Stone has not soldiers enough to keep order in his State, he knows where he can get plenty more. Let the fight go on to the finish, but do you, Governor

Stone, see to it that it is fought out lawfully under the rules laid down for such conflicts.



DO the Republican politicians in Pennsylvania want coal to be mined? Are they of the opinion of the New York State Democrats in wanting "national ownership and operation of the anthracite coal mines by the exercise of eminent domain with just compensation to owners?" That might satisfy all hands. It would certainly please the strikers; it would enormously increase the number of Federal offices in Pennsylvania; it might even suit the operators better than to mine coal under the orders of the Mine Workers' Association. The man whom it would pinch is the taxpayer. He would stand the increased cost of mining coal, which, of course, would be very great. It would be a long step towards socialism to have the Federal Government take the anthracite mines. That a Democratic State Convention in New York should recommend such a step is a most curious illustration of the estrangement of present-day Democrats from old-time Democratic principles.

However, all that is still far ahead. For the moment we are watching Governor Stone and trying to determine how far government is a failure in Pennsylvania.



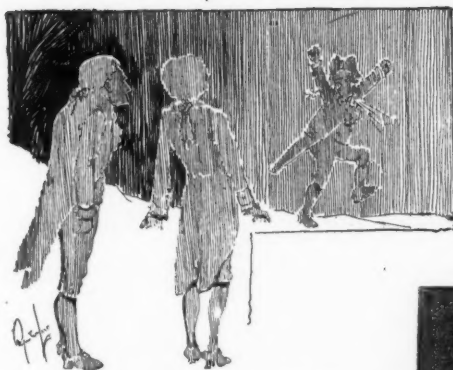
HOW is it about gambling? Is it always wicked, deleterious and inexcusable? It has a very bad name. It does a vast deal of harm in the world. In most civilized countries there are laws which prohibit or restrict many forms of it, and they seem to be useful laws in so far as they are enforced, though no one should forget that there is just as much difference between a man who gambles and a gambler as there is between a man who drinks and a drunkard. A French gentleman who came to this country awhile ago to investigate various features of our civilization that his

government wished to know about, said that one of his errands was to study that surprising mental audacity which enabled the Americans to dare great enterprises. A good many of these audacious men, whose commercial daring stirs foreign observers to wonder, find recreation in playing poker. It amuses them and suits their turn of mind, though its hazards are extremely trivial compared with those of business, and the sums they win or lose are to them of very slight consequence. Chance is such a constant and important factor in almost all commercial concerns, that we ought, perhaps, not to wonder that men who live and work calmly in an atmosphere of commercial and financial hazard should think it a slight matter if in a minor degree chance enters also into their sports. They are men of the great world, and though we may justly exact of them a high standard of conduct, we do not always do well to judge them by village standards. What we are entitled to demand of ourselves and our fellows in this matter of gambling is, not that we shall never take chances, but that the chances which we do permit ourselves to take, whether in business or in pleasure, shall be justly related to our size, our strength, our abilities and our resources.



IT was interesting, though not especially significant, to learn some time since that M. Camille Flammarion, the astronomer and writer, had given up his belief in spiritism. It seems an advantageous relinquishment for him, because spiritism seems unprofitable. So far as the lay observer can judge, no practical good comes of it. The information that is supposed to be obtained from beyond the grave, though often curious, is never important, and the pursuit of such information has usually been found to be unsettling to the mind, prejudicial to health, and demoralizing to character. The study of psychology and psychic phenomena, misty and obscure though its limitations are, promises to add to human knowledge, but the pursuit of spiritism seems barren.





*Shade of Thomas Jefferson: WHAT IS GEORGE WASHINGTON SWEARING SO HORRIBLY ABOUT?*  
*Shade of Patrick Henry: PERHAPS HE HAS BEEN READING SOME OF THOSE HISTORICAL NOVELS THAT HE FIGURES IN.*

### Ballade of the Polar Quest.

WHAT a pity, Mr. Peary,  
 That you didn't find the Pole!  
 Oh, it makes us sad and teary,  
 Something like the price of coal.  
 Try once more to reach the goal,  
 And if you should really win it,  
 Hide it quickly in a hole—  
 Don't you leave it for a minute!

We beseech you, Mr. Peary,  
 We implore you and cajole,  
 Not to let your heart grow weary;  
 Your success will much console  
 All of us, if when the Pole  
 Has been found, you'll stay and shin it;  
 Keep it under close control—  
 Don't you leave it for a minute.

Fame is making, Mr. Peary,  
 For your head an aureole;  
 Uncle Sam will keep you, deary,  
 On his little salary-roll;  
 Magazines will pay the toll  
 For your dreary yarn, so spin it;  
 You've a Good Thing, 'pon my soul—  
 Don't you leave it for a minute!

Peary, it's a very droll  
 Fad, although there's nothing in it.  
 What a graft it is—your Pole!  
 Don't you leave it for a minute!

*Frank Roe Batchelder.*

### Hands Off!

"YOW!" howled the baby.  
 "There's a pin sticking in me."

"But," replied the wise nurse,  
 gently, "if I remove the pin your  
 clothes will fall off!"

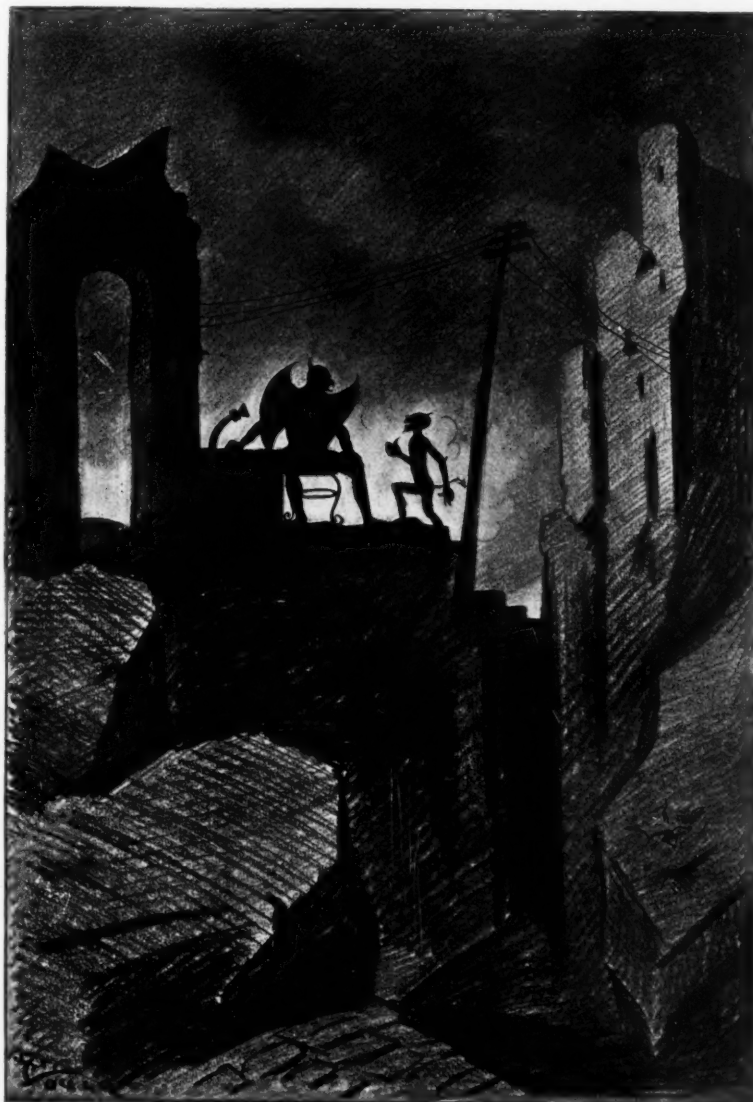
MORAL: Don't touch the tariff.

### The Sport.

THE limitations of automobil-  
 ing as a sport lie largely in  
 the weakness of the material of  
 which steam boilers are made.

At the recent tests in France, a  
 machine was about to make eighty-  
 four miles an hour, when the boiler  
 or some of its connections gave  
 way under the pressure of one  
 thousand pounds to the square inch.

The sport would be greatly stim-  
 ulated by the discovery of a  
 material strong enough to stand a  
 pressure of about a million pounds  
 to the square inch, particularly if,  
 as might not unreasonably be ex-  
 pected, such material were, more-  
 over, to be so expensive that nobody  
 worth less than ten millions could  
 own a really fast machine.



SNAPSHOTS IN HADES.

*Demon: I HAVE TO ANNOUNCE THAT A GREAT OIL-GUSHER HAS BEEN STRUCK IN THE BOT-  
 TOMLESS PIT.*

*Superintendent: GOOD! NOW WE'LL HAVE SOMETHING IN WHICH TO BOIL THESE FAKE OIL-  
 WELL PROMOTERS.*

### Our Fresh-Air Fund.

IN no spirit of complaint but as a cheerful recognition of a fact, LIFE reminds the friends of this Fund that the amount paid out, during the season just past, exceeds the amount received by one thousand and twenty-five dollars and seventy-seven cents.

We attribute this embarrassing apathy on the part of our friends to the summer being a cold one. But in spite of every sort of weather, LIFE has taken to the country this season, for their two weeks' outing, twelve hundred and fifty children.

To Mr. and Mrs. Mohr, who have sheltered, fed and entertained these hosts of various nationalities—and color—through the most trying kinds of weather, without a single case of sickness during the entire summer, LIFE tenders his heartfelt thanks.

#### STATEMENT.

Balance on hand May 19th.....	\$3,807.16
Received from May 19th to date.....	3,743.59
	\$7,550.75

Blankets and bathing suits.....	\$ 133.33	
Expenses.....	3,223.65	
Payroll.....	1,412.38	4,769.36
Cash on hand.....		\$2,781.39

Twelve hundred and fifty children entertained during the season. Open from June 20th to September 5th.



F. HOPKINSON SMITH'S new novel, *The Fortunes of Oliver Horn*, is a very charming story. It concerns the social life of a Southern city, presumably Baltimore, and the artistic Bohemian life of New York in the sixties. It is largely inspired by personal reminiscence, and the characters, clean-cut and boldly drawn, are seen against a background softened and idealized by the mists of the past. (Charles Scribner's Sons. \$1.50.)

The foreign colonies in New York have already inspired some excellent short stories and the harvest is by no means garnered. Mere "local color," however, does not make a short story. Either dramatic incident or the clever delineation of interesting characters must enter into the compound, and neither is found in Herman Bernstein's volume of stories of the Ghetto, called *In the Gates of Israel*. (J. F. Taylor and Company. \$1.50.)

Arthur Morrison's *The Hole in the Wall* furnishes a decided variety in the daily menu of fiction. It is a picture of that waterside London life made known to most of us by Dickens and glimpsed occasionally by Besant. It is not a pretty picture and there is not even a love story dragged in by the heels, but it is instinct with life and hence worth reading. (McClure, Phillips and Company. \$1.50.)

*The Story of the Vine*, by Edward R. Emerson, is a comparative treatise upon the methods of viticulture and the character of the wines produced among various nations throughout the world. It is neither a technical book of reference nor a literary performance, but is intended for the general information of the ordinary consumer. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

A volume of *Poems and Verses*, by Edward Sandford Martin, has recently appeared. In prose it is given Mr.

Martin to combine grace with candor, to be censorious without offence, to inculcate high principles without preaching, and to use slang with Chesterfieldian elegance. This little volume almost persuades the reader that Mr. Martin is even more delightful in verse than in prose. (Harper and Brothers. \$1.25.)

*The Little Crusaders*, by Isabel Scott Stone, is a rather perfunctory story founded upon the Children's Crusade, and intended for young readers. It is thoroughly sterilized and warranted to contain no injurious thought germs, but unhappily it is somewhat flavorless. (The Abbey Press. \$1.00.)

*Two Thousand Miles on an Automobile*, by an anonymous Chicago chauffeur, is an interesting record. Its author is a man of parts. He thinks while he steers, he evidently sees things through his goggles and he comments entertainingly upon them. It will be some comfort hereafter, as our horses climb the fence, to know how the incident strikes the god in the car. (J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. \$2.00.)

J. B. Kerfoot.

"HOW long do you suppose you could hold a cake of ice in your hands?"

"I don't know, but I've held a Boston girl in my arms for two hours."



MASS MEETING IN MICROBEHOLLOW.

Mr. Chairman: AND NOW, GENTLEMEN, I BEG TO MOVE A HEARTY VOTE OF THANKS TO OUR BEST FRIENDS, THE PROMOTER OF THE CONCENTRATION CAMP (great cheers), AND THE LANDLORD OF THE NEW YORK TENEMENT (cheers), FOR THE CONDITION THEY KEEP THESE PLACES IN, WHICH IS SO HEALTHY FOR US. (Great cheering and vote unanimously and enthusiastically passed.)



He: THERE IS NOTHING NEW UNDER THE SUN.  
She: THERE IS SOMETHING FRESH UNDER THE MOON, THOUGH.

### Declined, with Thanks.

A POOR but proud, young, country girl once came to New York and happened to meet his Majesty, the Devil. She was both bright and fair, and quite won Satan's heart, and so, in a paternal way, he endeavored to show her something of the town.

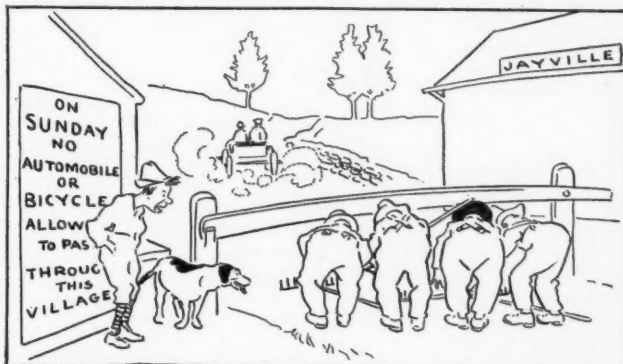
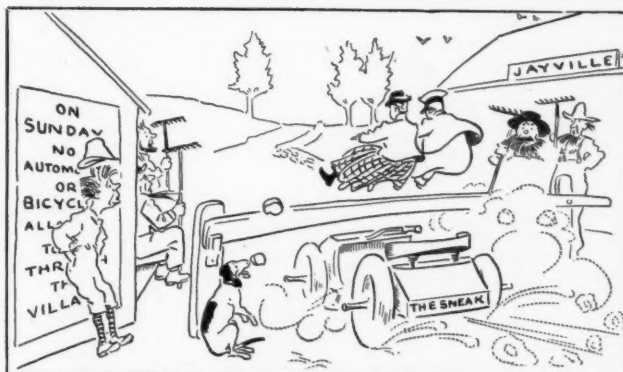
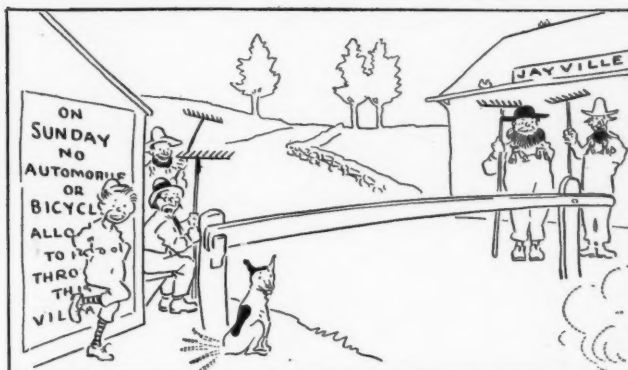
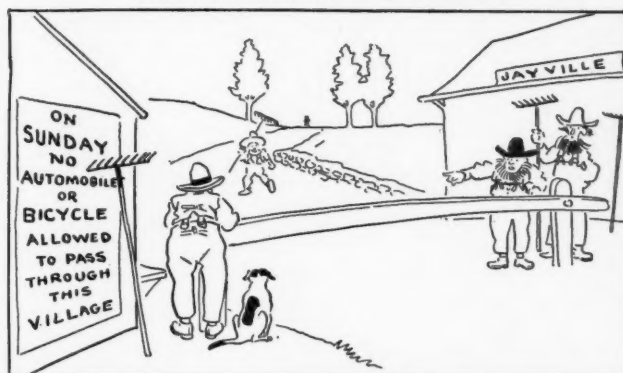
One night as they sat together in a famous café, the Devil removed his cigarette and leaned forward with his most fascinating smile. "Really, my dear girl," he said, earnestly, "you must agree that the country has nothing to compare with this. There, I believe, you have your dews and your daisies, your meadows and larks, and all that sort of thing; but here," he waved his hand comprehensively, "you have the glamour, the glitter, the sparkle, the very wine of life: and all this, the empire of earth, I am willing to give you in exchange for that absurd little soul of yours. It is not worth the price, but I am a collector of souls, you know, and yours, although insignificant in size, is spotless. The white ones are extremely rare. Therefore, I have offered you an exceptionally generous price."

The girl glanced about her thoughtfully, on the color, the lights, the roses—on the blonde women gleaming with jewels, and the big, dark men beside them, paying the bills. Then she looked at Satan.

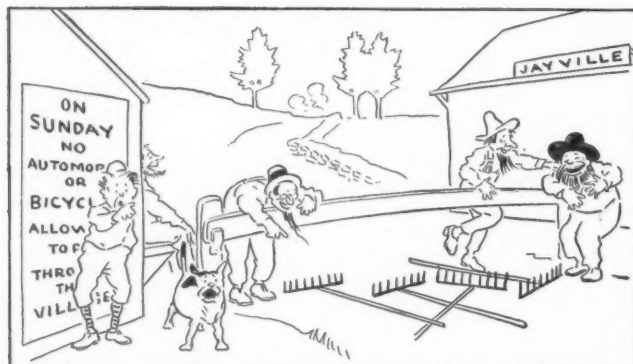
"Thank you sincerely, Sire," she said, "for your offer. I may be from the country; but my immortal soul is worth more than a Jew and a diamond necklace."

*Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.*

OUR VILLAGE GOES IN FOR A QUIET SUNDAY.







### Inferiority.

THEIR boy's profound dejection when he came back from school led them at once to suspect the worst.

"Then you are not included in the roll of honor?" they exclaimed, striving to conceal their emotion.

"Alas, no," faltered the boy, in a quavering voice. "The rules this year provide that an honor pupil must have been inoculated with at least twelve different serums, and I have been inoculated with but ten."

Inwardly, the man and woman cursed the wretched poverty that had brought them this new humiliation.

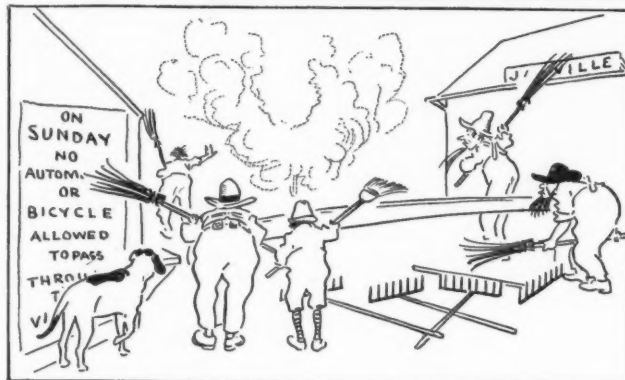
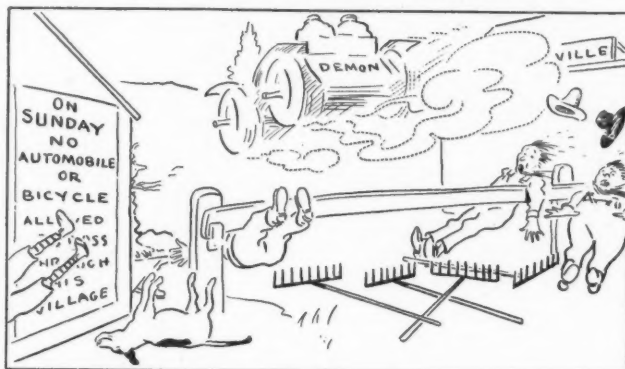


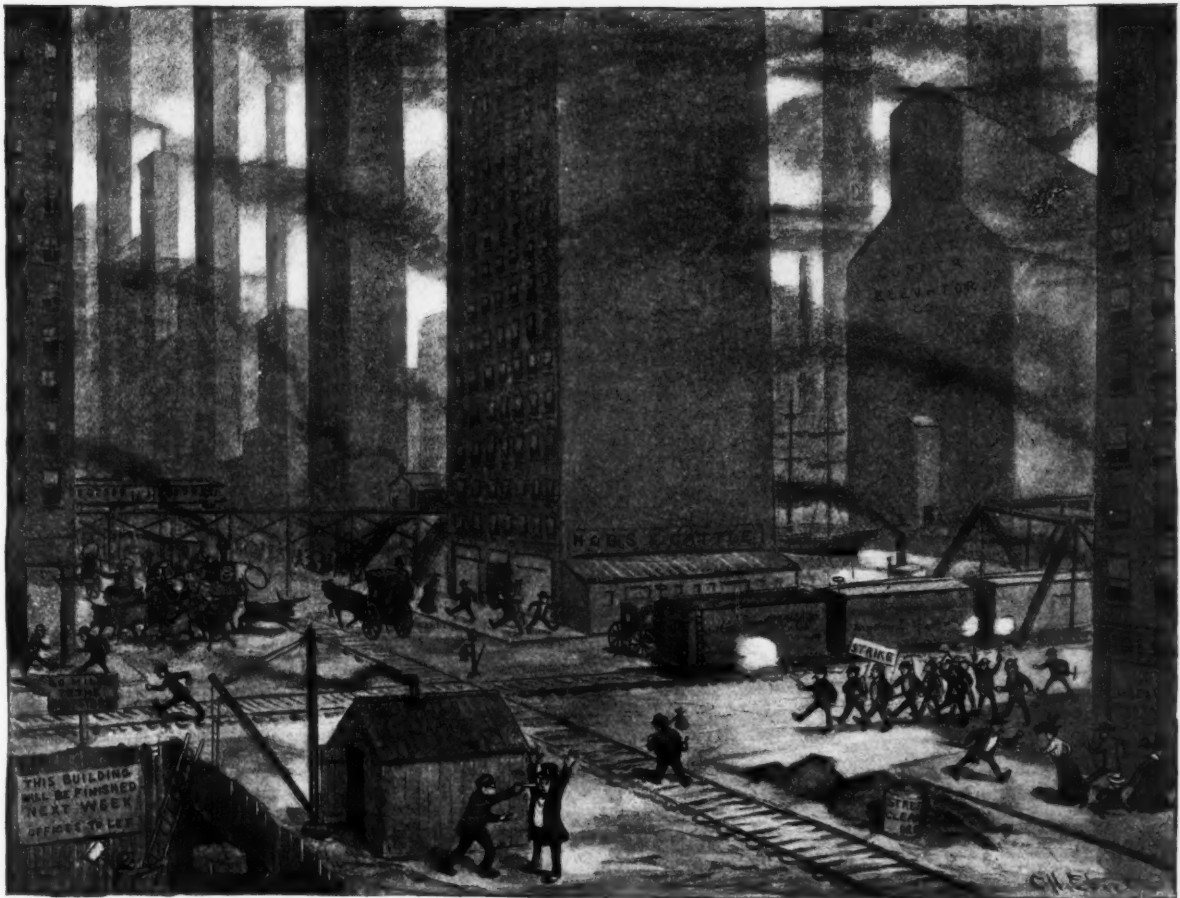
She: IS IT POSSIBLE THAT SUCH LOVE CAN BE?  
"DARLING, YOU ARE SQUASHING MY NOSE."

### Simon Pure.

"AND you say that young Van Oilpan is one of the Four Hundred? You astonish me. I remember his old man when he ran a tavern in Coal Oil Johnny's time." And Captain Pipelion shook his head.

"You forget, sir," said Major Cairo Sinn, "that our standards of aristocracy have changed; accomplishment, not birth, is the thing that commands our respect to-day. Young Van Oilpan is a remarkable man, sir. He is the man who wrecked P. D. and Q.; he has been divorced twice; he won fifty thousand dollars in one night in Saratoga, and he has an automobile record of fourteen killed and wounded. A member of society? He's a society leader, sir."

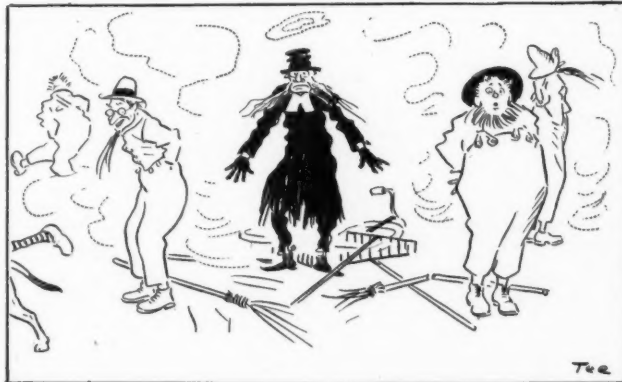




PICTURESQUE AMERICA.  
CHICAGO, THE METROPOLIS OF THE WEST.

### A Good Work.

"I AM going up in the Adirondacks shooting with a party of automobilists."  
"Well, shoot all you can."



### Rivalry.

"ALMOST every good thing that the country has at the present moment," remarks the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat*, "aside from its government, its climate and its natural resources, is due to Republican sway."

But President Baer, speaking of the happy concentration of wealth in the hands of a few men, distinctly asserts that it is God who has brought this about.

In the meanwhile, moderate opinion will deprecate serious rivalry; there is glory enough for all.

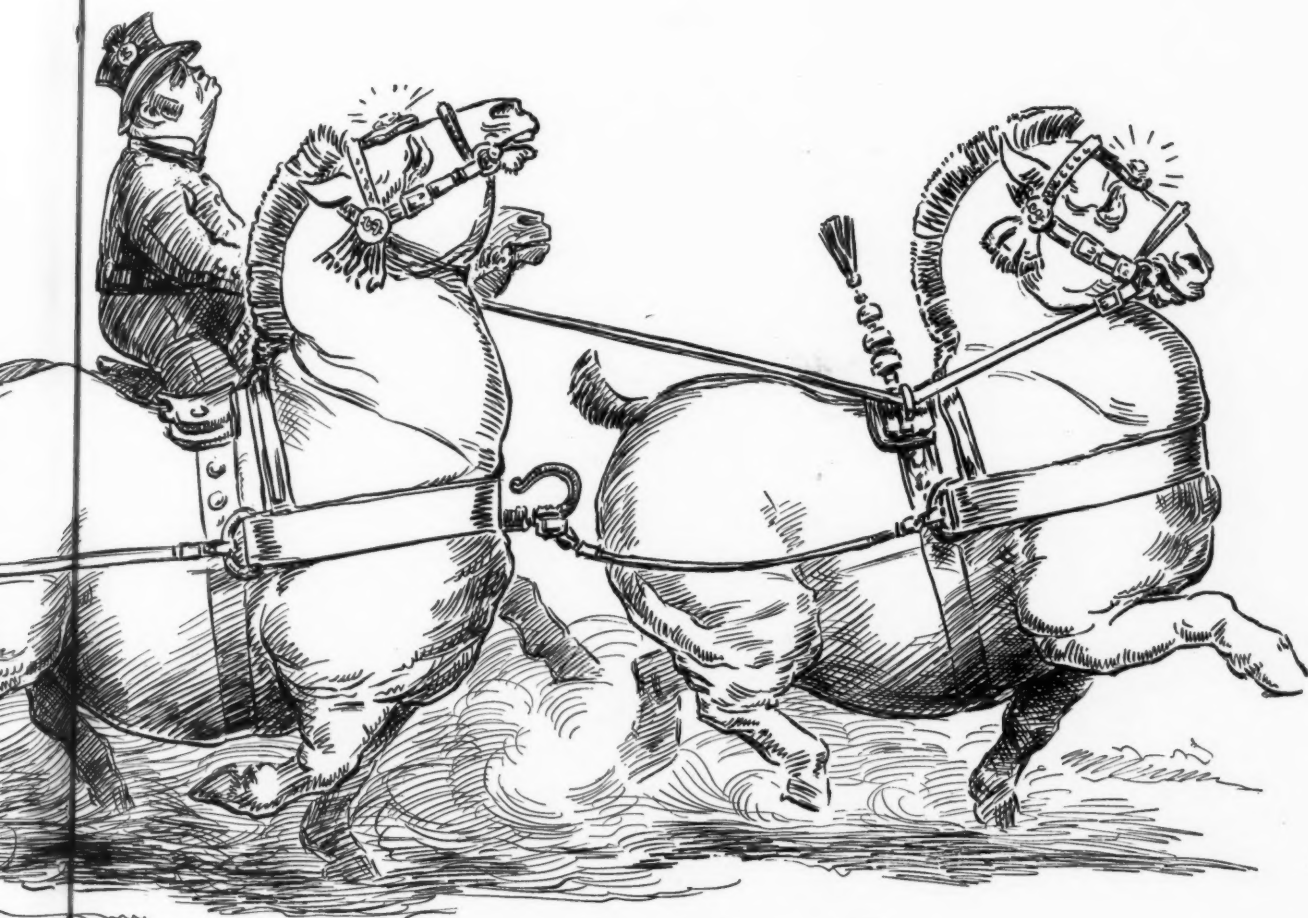
IN view of the difficulty those two strenuous gentlemen, Mr. McGovern and Mr. Young Corbett, are having to secure a place where they may, with proper formality, make active excursions after each other's solar plexus, we would suggest the United States Senate Chamber as perhaps the most suitable place. To be sure the affair would lack the charm of novelty, but it would have the educational advantage of showing the Senators the scientific way to do the thing.



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FORTUNE FAVORS THE





UNE FAVORS THE FEW.



### Still Looking for an Oasis.

**F**RENCH farce of the malodorous kind is a specialty of the Theatrical Trust. As a rule, the American public has refused to accept these importations at the valuation put on them by the Trust. The American public may have crude ideas of the drama and apparently prefers tawdriness to art. There yet remains, though, a sufficient leaven of basic decency to make it balk at some things Paris accepts. The managers of the Trust having no taste, education, or discrimination of their own bring these plays to America simply because they have been successful in Paris, and these commercial gentlemen cannot understand why the farces are not equally profitable here. Failure after failure teaches them nothing. Hence Mr. Charles Frohman "presents" at the Madison Square Theatre a translation of "The Two Schools" by Alfred Capus.

It may be said of "The Two Schools" that some of its situations are funny and that its anonymous translator has been careful to attempt to disguise the meaning of some of its lines. In this he has been so successful that possibly a three-year-old child or a semi-idiotic person might sit through the performance and perceive nothing suggestive about it. The piece itself is more ingenious in construction than others of its kind, and the actors and actresses in the cast perform the play with considerable spirit.

"The Two Schools" is not exactly the kind of play to which Sunday-school superintendents should take their charges, but inhabitants of the Tenderloin will find it more or less amusing.



**T**HE more one sees of the intelligent animal performers Mr. Frank Bostock is exhibiting at the St. Nicholas Rink, the less one is likely to brag about the superiority of some human artists occasionally seen on the stage. Mr. Jack Bonavita and the twenty-seven lions who appear simultaneously with him in the arena go about their tasks with an earnestness and an attention to detail which is highly artistic. Not even the passing of a nice, juicy, little boy or a particularly plump and appetizing young woman distracts their attention from the work in hand. As for Mr. Esau, the chimpanzee, nothing but the fact that he was not born in the United States could keep the Democratic party from nominating him for President next year. He would be an ideal Democratic Congressman.

### LIFE'S THEATRICAL PRIMER



**A** IS FOR ADAMS WHO, THOUGH SLIGHTED IN SIZE, IS BLESSED WITH A PAIR OF REMARKABLE EYES. BUT THE SPACE WAS SO SHORT 'TWIXT HER FOREHEAD AND CHIN THE REST OF HER FEATURES COULD HARDLY GET IN.

**R**ECENTLY LIFE had occasion to remark that it seems impossible to make a successful play with the scenes laid in the period of the American revolution. The same statement seems to hold true with respect of the New England atmosphere in the time of the Puritans. There is something severe and depressing about these epochs which no amount of up-to-date scenery and acting seems able to overcome. As said before, it may be because no master-hand has ever busied itself with these materials, and the future may hold in store a great play on these lines.

"A Rose o' Plymouth-Town" is another in the list of failures to make Puritan Massachusetts dramatically agreeable. It is not altogether bad, but as an entertainment it is not likely to create wild enthusiasm. *Metcalfe.*

### LIFE'S CONFIDENTIAL GUIDE TO THE THEATRES.

*Academy of Music.*—"The Ninety and Nine." Notice later.  
*Belasco.*—Mrs. Leslie Carter in "Du Barry." Strong play and strong acting.  
*Broadway.*—"Sally in Our Alley." Musical concoction of the Tenderloin school. Amusing to those who like that sort of thing.  
*Casino.*—"The Chinese Honeymoon." Musical comedy. Clever and amusing.  
*Criterion.*—"Iris." Mr. Pinero's latest dish-up of unpleasant material.  
*Daly's.*—"A Country Girl." Dainty, bright and amusing musical comedy.  
*Empire.*—Mr. John Drew in "The Mummy and the Humming Bird." Interesting society play.  
*Garden.*—Mrs. Patrick Campbell in "The Joy of Living." Notice later.  
*Garlick.*—"There's Many a Slip." Very light comedy.  
*Herald Square.*—"The Emerald Isle." Part of the score by Sir Arthur Sullivan. Interesting musically.  
*Madison Square.*—"The Two Schools." See above.  
*Manhattan.*—"A Rose o' Plymouth-Town." See above.  
*Mendelssohn Hall.*—"Every Man." Notice later.  
*Princess.*—"The Night of the Party." Notice later.  
*Victoria.*—Alice Fischer in "Mrs. Jack." Amusing comedy of American life.  
*Wallack's.*—Henrietta Crossman in "The Sword of the King." Notice later.

As Advertised.

IS it possible that the scourge of wayside advertisements will be lightened in the near—or even in the far—future? We have been so long disciplined by these haunting horrors that we no longer dream of escape. Every city, town and hamlet in the United States lies girdled by them, and we run the gauntlet of pills, embrocations and ready-made clothing for long sad miles of marsh and meadow land. They are outrageous, and we know it; but they are part of a curious system which excuses the fraudulent because of its surpassing meretriciousness.

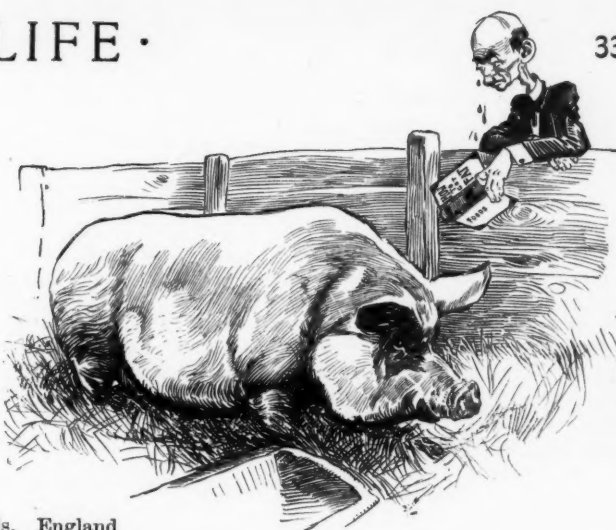
But now from over the sea come signals of revolt. Prussia objects to the ugliness of advertising boards, and England objects to their impropriety. Prussia wants her "natural beauties" undisfigured by placards. England wants her innocent youth untarnished by posters. Prussia, with the admirable promptness of a paternal government, has taken measures to abolish the abuse. Her police are empowered to

remove "all pictorial devices that deface the landscape." England, with the cautious hesitancy of a free nation, is agitating along the same lines. Her "Billposters' Association" is endeavoring to decide what pictures are, and what are not improper. It is helped—or hindered—on its way by much newspaper discussion. Bristling virtue points out the shameless nature of certain advertisements; and gentlemen who sign themselves "Christian Hedonists" shrilly reply that the advertisements are as harmless as Dr. Watts' hymns, and that the evil lies in bristling virtue's breast.

It doesn't greatly matter on what grounds an evil is abolished, if it goes. Our "natural beauties" are sadly defaced, and, if vulgarity can tarnish, then our innocent youth is in no better case than our landscapes. Even the business streets of a great city, though necessarily unbeautiful, need not be too deeply degraded. A cockroach, ten feet long, crawling up a wall ten stories high, offers no assault upon unguarded ethics; but it is, nevertheless, revolting to a sensitive mind. As an advertisement of insect powder it is perhaps startlingly efficacious, yet even a Christian Hedonist might reasonably object to a mammoth representation of a creature so unlovable and so unloved. The very perfection of the machinery which enables this Gargantuan insect to climb its wall, descend, and climb again, is an added insult to decency. In the matter of cockroaches, realism may be easily overdone.

The yoke of the advertiser lies heavy on our necks. Nature is his handmaid, and cities are his slaves. He has turned traveling into a sorrow and home coming into a reproach. If there were any loophole of escape from his wearisome oppression, we should welcome it with rapture. As it is, we are disposed to envy the Fatherland—for once—the robust simplicity of her legislature.

Agnes Repplier.



AS TO REDUCING WEIGHT.

*The Hog:* HOW DID HE DO IT?



ONE OF THE BEFORE HUNDRED.



### A Little Outing.

ONE day went Bride and Groom, in happy mood,  
To take a short electric-carriage outing,  
That all the world and all its roads were good,  
Ne'er doubting.

Nor, till they'd gone some distance, did they learn

The way was rough, the carriage fond of bolting,  
Of finding ruts and stones at ev'ry turn,  
And jolting.

You see, their road was Inexperience,  
Which winds and twists through country all delightful.

The chauffeur, Love, was quite devoid of sense,  
And sightless. *Arthur Crawford.*

### A Rival to Appendicitis.

SHE was May at ten years of age, Mae at eighteen, and Mary Berenice at twenty-seven. After passing through several seasons without stalking any very big game, she took to an aim in life, people who do things, and sarcasm. She then made a point of serving tea to women with queer features, who wore bad boots and were entirely without the "clothes instinct"; and to Hall-Caine-looking young men who talked earnestly to her of the sincerity of their ideals.

Mary Berenice kept a note-book dangling at her side in which she jotted down her reflections. These she occasionally read aloud to her admiring *salon*.

"To live? Is it to love? Nay, I will padlock my heart until I find one worthy. Shall I ever meet him?"

"Our woman's intuitions were given us that we may spring to the apex of thought and then turn to aid man in his slow, upward climb."

"Men are but children. It is only we women who know how to suffer and be strong."

But just as Mary Berenice began to feel that she was achieving her ambitions, troubles appeared on her horizon. Her papa was a plain business man who very soon grew weary of Mary's plain-looking, high-thinking friends, and married a frivolous young thing of twenty-one. This was Mary's first great grief.

Then she got into the habit of ordering the cook not to prepare enough salad for the *causeries*, so that she might imitate a celebrated French *salon*-keeper and, with witty tales, make her guests forget their hunger; but instead of appreciating this sprightly *coup de théâtre*, the shrieking sisters and

yearning brothers openly sulked and rapidly melted away.

Now Mary, having nothing to live for, lay down to die, but here she won in losing and made herself and her attending physician famous, for he pronounced her stricken with an entirely new disease which he diagnosed as acute artificialis as evidenced by the blood turning to sawdust.

"I die happy," murmured Mary feebly, when told the worst. "Not all in vain has been my life. I have given something to the world." *Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.*

"I SEE a gas company that turned off a man's gas has had to pay four thousand dollars damages."

"That's nothing. My daughter turned off our gas one night, and it is costing me ten thousand dollars a year."

### The Wild Bornee.

THIS is the greatest living curiosity, ladies and gentlemen and my little friends. It is so ferocious that it will go thousands of miles to kill people, and will slaughter its fellows at the command of its masters. Don't be afraid, this one is thoroughly trained. This specimen was procured at enormous expense; the color makes all the difference. The black variety is worth over a thousand dollars a head. Little brown specimens have been sold in the native land at two dollars apiece, but the Bureau of Labor at Washington calculates that the animal value of such a one as this is over one thousand five hundred dollars.

This is the only animal that builds elaborate dwelling-places, but does not live in them, and works all the time.

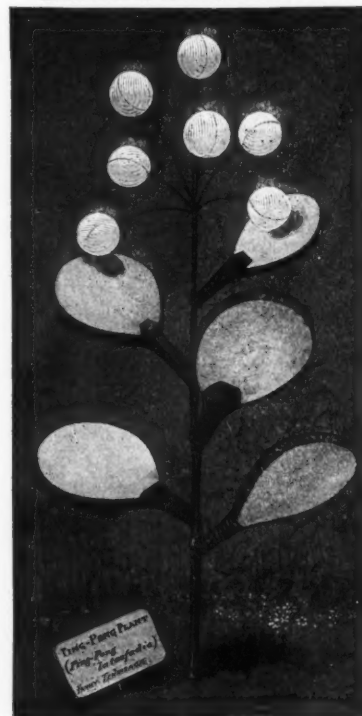
You observe how intelligent it looks, but its intelligence is all in its hands, for it produces its own food in vast abundance but does not know enough to take sufficient for itself. It has enormous strength and is incredibly cruel, for it will destroy its young to please those whom it is accustomed to obey.

It spends much of its time in captivity and stuffing little bits of paper, which its master gives it, into a box, and thinks it of the greatest importance which bit it will stuff in. If it knew its power we could never restrain it.

No matter how lean it is, it never kicks as long as the bulls and bears are fat, because it thinks the country is



AN IDYL OF THE SOUTH SEAS.  
"MISSIONARY HOT, MISSIONARY COLD,  
MISSIONARY IN THE POT, NINE DAYS OLD!"



WHERE THE PING-PONG BALLS COME FROM.

Fruit of the Ping-Pong Plant (*Ping-Pong latesfadia*). A rapidly spreading plant, especially in English-speaking countries. It belongs to the family TENNISACE.

prosperous. It growls, but it doesn't do anything. (Twist its tail, Mr. Corner.) That's its *Vox populi*.

Its name? It is called *Americannus Working Manus*, or the Party-voter.



"HI THERE, AURORA; THIS CREAM IS SOUR!"

"CAN'T HELP IT, URSIE. THERE'S BEEN TWO COMETS A-SCORCHING ALONG THE MILKY WAY, AND IT'S ALL CURDLED."

### Coal Comfort.



**H**APPY the man in these dark days  
Of strikes, whose foes  
are not all dead;  
Who meets them merrily  
and says:

"Heap coals of fire upon my head."

*Feliz Carmen.*

### A Just Rebuke.

**VON BLUMER:** Doctor Spray is my regular physician, but I have called you in as he has been called away.

**DR. PROBE:** It will be necessary to notify him first.

"But my wife may die in the meantime, sir."

"What's that to do with professional etiquette, sir?"

### Kickers' Column.

**TO THE EDITOR OF LIFE.**

I enclose herewith a picture which appears in this week's issue of your publication.

I am ashamed to say I am a subscriber to your publication, or of any paper whose proprietors would so far forget themselves as to publish, or allow to be published in their paper, a picture or cartoon as the enclosed.

Your paper may be witty and funny, but when you publish so-called funny cartoons of the Pope, who is God's representative on earth, you insult every Catholic in the universe.

You may think it *witty*, but it shows only mean, low-bred bigotry, such as might have existed centuries ago, but which is not believed to exist in this enlightened twentieth century.

If you have any spark of honor or manhood in you, you will apologize in your next issue for the insult which you offered, not only to every Catholic, but to every person whose religious belief teaches them to venerate and admire those things which they hold sacred.

*A Catholic.*

NEW YORK, September 24, 1902.

Every number of LIFE contains allu-

sions to persons and things venerated and admired by somebody. This happens to be our mission.

### Expedient.

**BEING** convinced of the impossibility of supporting his large family at any of the unskilled felonies, the man hit on the unusual expedient of seeking honest employment.

"But," he reflected, "if I seek such employment under my right name, Bill Jones, nobody will hire me; while if I give my name as Hank Smith, say, I shall be jailed for getting a job by false pretenses. Dear me! What shall I do? Oh, I know. I'll just incorporate, and seek employment as the Hank Smith Corporation. Then it's nobody's business what I do."

This shows how much better off necessity is by knowing a little law.

# · LIFE ·



## PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT.

"Oh, what a tangled web we weave  
When first we practice to deceive,"  
But when we've had more practice, my!  
How straight and fluently we lie!

—Philadelphia Press.

## MR. DOOLEY ON SWEARING.

"Did ye see what th' Prisdint said to th' throlley man  
that pumped him?" asked Mr. Dooley.

"I did not," said Mr. Hennessy. "What was it?"

"I can't tell ye till I get mad," said Mr. Dooley. "Lave  
us go into ixicutive sission. Whisper. That was it. Ha,  
ha. He give it to him straight. A good, honest, American  
blankety-blank. Rale language like father used to make  
whin he hit his thumb with th' hammer. . . They do say  
his remarks singed th' hair off th' head iv th' unforchanit  
man."

"I don't believe in profanity, Hinnessy—not as a reg'lar  
thing. But it has its uses an' its place. F'r instance, it is  
issintial to some thrades. No man can be a printer without

swearin'. 'Tis impossible. I mind wanst I went to a  
printin' office where a frind iv mine be th' name iv Donovan  
held cases an' I heerd th' foreman say: 'What gintleman is  
settin' A thirty?' he says.

"'I am,' says a pale gintleman with black whiskers,  
who was atin' tobacco in th' rear iv th' room.

"'Thin,' says th' foreman, 'ye blankety-blank black-  
smith, get a move on ye. D'ye think this is a annyooal  
incyclopejee?' he says.

"'Ivrybody swore at ivrybody else. Th' little boys run-  
nin' around with type prattled innocent pro-fanity, an' afther  
awhile th' iditor come in an' he swore more thin annybody  
else. But 'twas aisy to see he'd not larned th' thrade iv  
printer. He swore with th' enthusyasm an' inacc'racy iv an  
amachoor, though I mus' say, he had his good pints. I  
wisht I cud raymimer what it was he called th' Czar iv  
Rooshya f'r dyin' jus' as th' ps-aper was goin' to press. I  
cud've often used it since. But it's slipped me mind."

—Copyright, Robert Howard Russell, 1902.

SENATOR STEWART, of Nevada, tells this story of Mark  
Twain's journalistic days in Carson City:

He boarded at the home of his brother, who was a model  
citizen and a Christian. One morning I was a guest of this

brother at breakfast. We had just seated ourselves at the  
table when a voice drawled from the stairway above:

"Have you read the Scripture lesson this morning?"

"Yes," was the reply.

"Had family prayers?" continued the voice from  
above.

"Yes, Sam," said the host, smiling at me.

There was a pause, and then in the now well-known  
drawl came the further question:

"Said grace?"

"Yes," responded the patient head of the household.

"All right, then," came the cheerful comment from the  
stairway: "I'll be right down."

And presently the irreverent youth, who in a few years  
was to promote the gayety of nations, joined us at the break-  
fast table.—Argonaut.

The saddest words of tongue or pen:

"The price of coal has riz again!"

—Baltimore Herald.

"WHAT did you do to the man who brought an auto-  
mobile to Crimson Gulch?"

"Well," answered Broncho Bob, "in order to prevent  
loss o' life we lynched 'im."—Washington Star.

For sale by all Newsdealers in Great Britain. The Inter-  
national News Company, Bream's Building, Chancery Lane,  
London, E. C., England, AGENTS.

EUROPEAN AGENTS—Messrs. Brentano,  
37 Avenue de l'Opera, Paris.

Established 1823.

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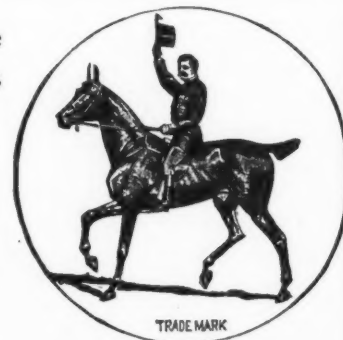
That's All!

THE WILSON DISTILLING CO.,  
Baltimore, Md.

The Whiskey that made  
the High Ball Famous

# Hunter Baltimore Rye

WM. LANAHAN & SON, Baltimore, Md.



**ED. PINAUD'S**  
LATEST MASTERPIECE  
BRISE EMBAUMEE VIOLETTE  
PERFUME

THIS perfume so closely resem-  
bles the fragrance of the liv-  
ing violet that it is impossible to  
tell them apart.  
Smallest size original bot-  
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Sold at first-class establishments  
Write for free sample to  
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**Milo** **Egyptian**  
**Cigarette**  
**of Quality**

At your  
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**AROMATIC DELICACY—  
MILDNESS—PURITY**

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**PRECIOUS STONES.**

**OLD CROW RYE** <sup>A</sup> **STRAIGHT**

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**SOLE BOTTLEERS, NEW YORK.**

BETWEEN NEW YORK AND CHICAGO IN 24 HOURS  
VIA NEW YORK CENTRAL—LAKE SHORE ROUTE, .

**"LAKE SHORE LIMITED."**

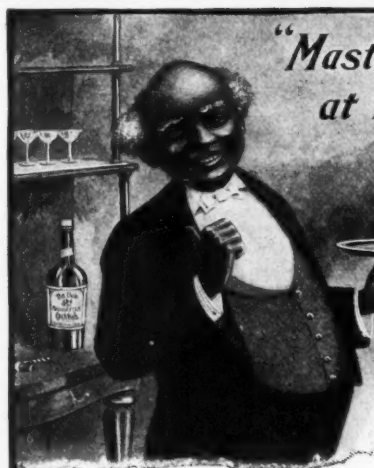


· LIFE ·

No better Turkish Cigarette  
can be made

# Egyptian Deities

Cork Tips as well



*"Master thinks I'm a dandy  
at mixing cocktails."*

## CLUB COCKTAILS

**YOU** can do it  
just as well

Pour over lumps of ice, strain and serve

SEVEN KINDS

BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

**G. F. HEUBLEIN & BRO.**

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Household

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IN CAKE FORM

The result of the experiments  
and experience of three gener-  
ations. Cleans as well as  
polishes. Requires no effort  
to produce a satisfactory and  
lasting result. Does not cake  
or fill up the interstices and is  
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injurious ingredients.

Price 25 cents a package

If unobtainable at your jeweler's, send 25 cents  
in stamps for a sample package to

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Broadway & 19th Street, New York



## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARY

"I NOTICE Mr. Kloseman has become a regular attendant at church. When did he get religion?"

"He didn't. It's just business with him. He loaned the Rev. Mr. Gassaway \$100 some time ago and he's had to take it out in pew rent.—*Philadelphia Press*.

### CALIFORNIA IN LESS THAN THREE DAYS

via Chicago and North-Western, Union Pacific, and Southern Pacific Railways from Chicago. The electric-lighted "Overland Limited" provides the best of everything. Diversity of routes; finest scenery. Compartment observation cars, buffet-library cars (with barber and bath); dining cars. All agents sell tickets via this route.

"Oh! yes," babbled the sweet young thing, "I just dote on literature."

"I suppose you are interested in the Poe revival?"

"Who?"

"Baltimore's genius—Edgar Allen Poe."

"I've read nearly all his books—that is, except the ones he has written this last year. It's so hard to keep up with those historical novels, you know!"—*Baltimore Herald*.

A HEALTH giver and a health preserver: Abbott's, the Original Angostura Bitters. At druggists.

"You didn't dig any coal to-day, did you?" chuckled the striker.

"No," replied the non-union miner, good-humoredly. "I wasn't in the vein for it."—*Philadelphia Press*.

In buying Japan's stock of old rifles, China feels that she is getting goods that she has personally tested.

—*Detroit Journal*.

### HOTEL VENDOME, BOSTON.

Commonwealth Avenue. Electric lights. New and most approved plumbing.

"We've burned up the last of the diamonds in the stove."

"Then put on a small piece of coal."

—*Chicago Daily News*.

"Whew! Why do you have your office as hot as an oven?"

"It's where I make my daily bread."

—*Town and Country*.

If you wish to be always satisfied, order no other Champagne than Cook's Imperial Extra Dry. It has quality and purity.

"I WONDER how Venus de Milo came to lose her arms."

"Broke 'em off, probably, trying to button her shirt-waist up the back."—*Philadelphia Press*.

"SHE takes only boarders who are blue-blooded."

"How does she make sure that they are?"

"She bleeds them."

—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin*.

THE South and the North meet at Old Point Comfort, Va. Why not pack grip and be there next morning? Fine steamer. A postal to the Chamberlin brings a booklet.

THE Manchester *Guardian* tells a story of the weather. The scene was a Strand omnibus. A leaden sky was overhead, the rain poured down uncompromisingly, mud was under foot. A red-capped Parsee, who was sitting near the dripping driver, got down as the conductor came up.

"What sort o' chap is that?" asked the driver.

"Don't yer know that?" answered the conductor.

"Why, that's one o' them Indians what worships the sun!"

"Worships the sun?" said the shivering driver. "I suppose 'e's come over 'ere to 'ave a rest."—*Exchange*.

"when you do drink, drink Trimble"

"Trimble Whiskey  
High Ball  
It has the call."

A pure rye.  
10 years old, aged  
by time,  
not artificially.

# Trimble

Whiskey  
Green Label.  
At All First-Class Dealers.

Sole Proprietors,  
WHITE, HENTZ & CO.,  
Phila. & New York.  
ESTABLISHED 1793.

Pure  
Habana  
Segars—  
Always  
Mild  
And  
Aromatic

Made in the old-fashioned honest  
way of Pure Habana Tobacco  
delightfully blended

Look for the Bull  
Dog on each Box

John W. Merriam & Co.

The Roycroft Segar Shop, which  
is "At the Sign of the Bull Dog"

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The finest

## Imported Cigar

Gold Medal, Paris Exposition, 1900.

We were selected to make  
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Official and Royal Banquets  
at the Coronation of

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CALIXTO LOPEZ & CO.,

177 Pearl Street, New York.

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\$3000.00  
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THE ABOVE IS THE TRADE-MARK WHICH FOR THREE HUNDRED YEARS HAS DISTINGUISHED

## Chartreuse

— GREEN AND YELLOW —

THE LIQUEUR MADE BY THE CARTHUSIAN MONKS OF LA GRANDE CHARTREUSE, GRENoble, FRANCE. THE SIGNATURE, L. GARNIER, APPEARS TWICE ON THE LABEL OF EVERY BOTTLE.

A GLASS OF THIS MOST DELICIOUS AND WHOLESOME CORDIAL AFTER DINNER IS LIKE THE NECTAR OF THE GODS DESCRIBED BY HOMER AND MAY BE MORE EASILY OBTAINED.

At first-class Wine Merchants, Grocers, Hotels, Cafés, Hätjer & Co., 45 Broadway, New York, N. Y., Sole Agents for United States.

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All you have guessed about life insurance may be wrong. If you wish to know the truth, send for "How and Why," issued by the PENN MUTUAL LIFE, 921-3-6 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.



The nectar of the gods may have been a myth. Be it so—we still have the whisky of our forefathers—DEWAR'S SCOTCH, a beverage of distilled delight, praised alike by king and commoner.

"A Genuine Old Brandy made from Wine."

—Medical Press (London), Aug. 1899.

## MARTELL'S THREE STAR BRANDY

AT ALL BARS AND RESTAURANTS.

The more critically you note the flavor, the color, the clearness of

## Evans Ale

The more certainly you will always demand it  
C. H. EVANS & SONS, HUDSON, N. Y.



General Missionary Convention, Methodist Episcopal Church,

CLEVELAND, O., OCTOBER 21st TO 24th.

Pennsylvania Railroad will sell excursion tickets from all points east of Pittsburgh and Erie on October 20th and 21st, good to return leaving Cleveland until October 27th, inclusive, at reduced rates.

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**MERCHANT TAILOR**

*Fine Shirts a Specialty*

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CLOSMANN & CO.

Bordeaux, France,  
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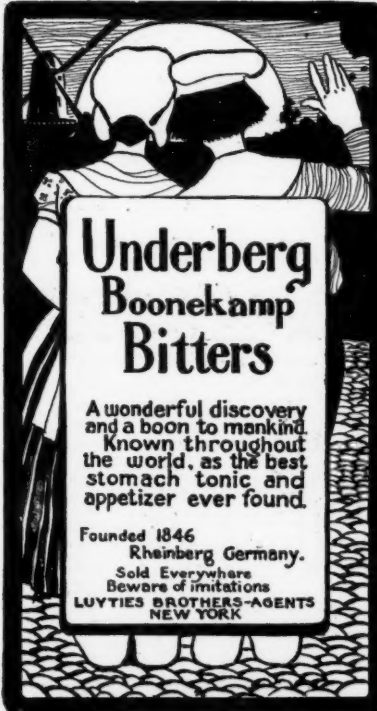
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## Underberg Boonekamp Bitters

A wonderful discovery and a boon to mankind. Known throughout the world, as the best stomach tonic and appetizer ever found.

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Sold Everywhere  
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LUYTIES BROTHERS-AGENTS  
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## Londonderry LITHIA WATER



is the club-man's joy. He knows nothing is better as a morning beverage. Later in the day he appreciates the way it blends with wines and liquors and when used by itself adds zest to any meal.



A SELF-CONSCIOUS and egotistical young clergyman was supplying the pulpit of a country church. After the service, says the New York *Evening Post*, he asked one of the pious, a grizzled, plain-spoken man, what he thought of this morning's effort."

"Waal," answered the old man, slowly, "I'll tell ye; 'I'll tell ye in a kind o' parable. It reminded me of Sim-eck's first deer-hunt, when he was green. He followed the deer's tracks all right, but he followed 'em all day in the wrong direction."—*Exchange*.

A NEW YORK clubman, whose reputation as a conceited

and insufferable bore was a byword, was once attempting to impress a group of men as being a society pet.

"What a hospitable fellow Blank is," he said, naming one of New York's cleverest men; "I dropped in on him the other night, and he and his wife fairly insisted that I stay for dinner. Such a time as I had getting away! Why, when I started to leave, they came right out in the hall and backed up against the front door."

"After you'd g-g-gone out?" sarcastically inquired one of his wearied listeners.—*Argonaut*.

"Yessir, they say that she was one of the most popular

actresses we had a few years ago," remarked the attendant at the asylum, "but she's quite insane on the subject of her personal attire."

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Pitcher. "Have they started shutting women up for that! Gimme your doctor's address."—*Sporting Times*.

"WHATEVER else they may say about Scribbles, he at least writes clean verse."

"For instance?"

"Well, did you ever read his soap ads in the street care?"—*Baltimore News*.

# THE WHITE



# STEAM CARRIAGE

## WHAT THE WHITE HAS DEMONSTRATED.

THE fitness of an automobile for general use must be proved by actual results—not by theoretical statements. These are the facts about the WHITE STEAM CARRIAGE:

**WHITE RELIABILITY**—Has made a clean record in endurance contest whenever entered. Out of a field of 70 starters in England's recent endurance run, only two earned the highest possible score. Of these, one was a WHITE taken from regular stock.

**WHITE SPEED**—Holds the world's record for steam carriages, making five miles in 6:48, and ten miles in 14:59.

**WHITE ECONOMY**—In a run of 100 miles without stop, the WHITE used only 5 1/2 gallons of fuel and 6 gallons of water.

Write for full particulars, including Prof. Thurston's report on our steam generator, and the official reports of important endurance contests.

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the

### Linen Underwear Which Wears Well. We Guarantee It

to wear to your satisfaction or return your money. "Natural" linen and bleached white; the first wears the better, if the color—a soft buff—suits you; comfort and cost the same.

**Send For Free Samples**  
 of both fabrics and our convincing book—mailed free—it explodes the "wool for warmth" theory in short order.

Sold by the best dealers or direct by  
**THE BELFAST MESH UNDERWEAR CO.**  
 336 Mechanic Street, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

SPANGLES & EMB. MATERIALS.

## BEADS

FOR BAGS AND CHAINS, CLOTHES, Gold Thread, Cross Stitch Materials, Tapestry Silks and Wools, Lace Beads.

EVERYTHING YOU CAN THINK OF IN THIS LINE that can be had elsewhere. Send stamps for mail list. Est. 1860.

PETER BENDER, IMPORTER, 111 E. 9th ST., N. Y.

WHOLESALE & RETAIL

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### Massage Cream



A GREAT improvement on face powders, producing a clear, soft, beautiful complexion without shine. Contains no grease or glycerine. Removes chaps, blackheads and all impurities that gather in the pores of the skin. It is harmless. Send for tasteful booklet, free.

Price 50 cents, or \$1.00 a Jar

For sale by druggists and all dealers in toilet articles. If not at your dealer's, send his name and we will send, post-paid, either or both articles on receipt of price. Send for free book.

**Rubber Complexion Bulb**  
 Price 50c.  
 May be used to advantage with the cream.

**POMPEIAN MFG. CO., 1070 Pearl St., Cleveland, O.**

# H & R



## QUALITY

is the same to-day as it has been for 31 years, the highest—the standard of excellence by which other guns are judged. Illustrated Catalog tells about our complete line—FREE.

**HARRINGTON & RICHARDSON ARMS CO.,**  
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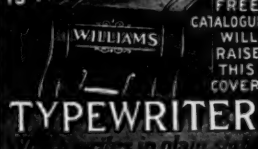


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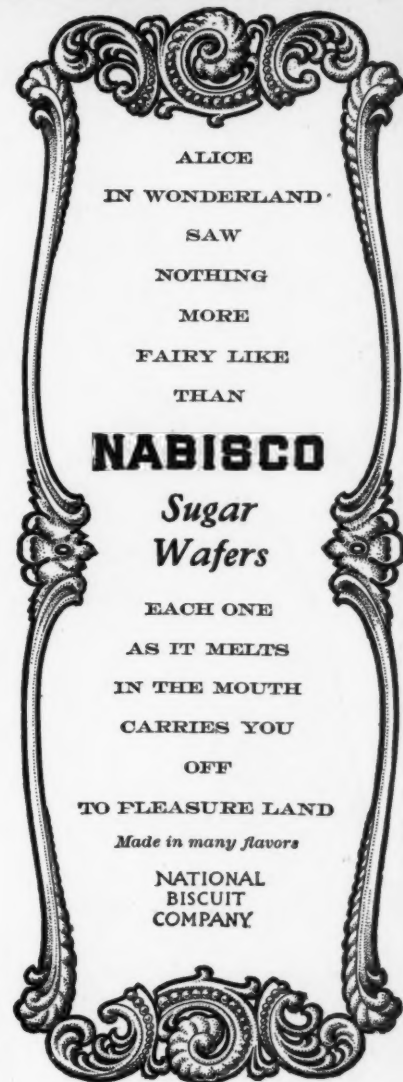


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New York, October 6th, 1902.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that the Assessment Rolls  
of Real Estate and Personal Property in the City  
of New York for the year 1902, and the warrants for  
the collection of taxes, have been delivered to the  
undersigned, and that all the taxes on said assess-  
ment rolls are now due and payable at the office of  
the Receiver of Taxes in the Borough in which the  
property is located, as follows:

BOROUGH OF MANHATTAN, No. 57 Chambers Street,  
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mont Avenues, The Bronx, N. Y.

BOROUGH OF BROOKLYN, Rooms 2, 4, 6 and 8  
Municipal Building, Brooklyn, N. Y.

BOROUGH OF QUEENS, corner Jackson Avenue and  
Fifth Street, Long Island City, N. Y.

BOROUGH OF RICHMOND, corner of Bay and Sand  
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